Missing

by David Ackley

Except for the matter of his two wars,
he led, my uncle, what might be called a quiet life,
in a room, between times, at the top of the stairs,
building balsa planes, beautiful small flying things,
listening with one ear to the radio, the murmur of his
father's low voice, under the song of mother and sister's
back and forth, and the gearing down of trucks as they slowed
on Broad Street, which ends near the terminal peace
of Edgewood Cemetery, where now
all but him are gathered beneath the one stone,
while his bones, picked clean by curs and crows,
still whiten in the sun, somewhere near Unsan.

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